

*Ol.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

*Enter Sebastian.*

*Seb.* I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman: But had it bene the brother of my blood, I must have done no lesse with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that I do perceiue it hath offended you: Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowe We made each other, but so late ago.

*Du.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not.

*Seb.* *Antonio*: O my deere *Antonio*, How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me, Since I haue lost thee?

*Ant.* *Sebastian* are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that *Antonio*?

*Ant.* How haue you made diuision of your selfe, An apple cleft in two, is not more twin Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

*Ol.* Most wonderfull.

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother: Nor can there be that Deity in my nature Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister, Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd: Of charity, what kinne are you to me?

*What Countryman? What name? What Parentage?*

*Vio.* Of *Messaline*: *Sebastian* was my Father, Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too: So went he suited to his watery tombe: If spirits can assume both forme and suite, You come to fright vs.

*Seb.* A spirit I am indeed, But am in that dimension grossely clad, Which from the wombe I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen, I should my teares let fall vpon your cheekes, And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

*Vio.* My father had a moale vpon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And did that day when *Viola* from her birth Had numbred thirteene yeares.

*Seb.* O that record is liuely in my soule, He finished indeed his mortall acte That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make vs happie both, But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre: Do not embrace me, till each circumstance, Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe That I am *Viola*, which to confirme, Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne, Where lyce my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe, I was prefer'd to serue this Noble Count: All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath bene betwene this Lady, and this Lord.

*Seb.* So comes it Lady, you haue bene mistooke: But Nature to her bias drew in that.

You would haue bin contracted to a Maid, Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd, You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

*Du.* Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood: If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true, I shall haue share in this most happy wracke, Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times, Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare, And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire, That seuers day from night.

*Du.* Giue me thy hand, And let me see thee in thy womans weeds.

*Vio.* The Captaine that did bring me first on shore Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* suite, A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

*Ol.* He shall enlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither, And yet alas, now I remember me, They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

*Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.*

A most extracting frensie of mine owne From my remembrance, clearly banisht his, How does he si-rah?

*Cl.* Truly Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the stauers end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are deliuer'd.

*Ol.* Open't, and read it.

*Cl.* Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

*Ol.* How now, art thou mad?

*Cl.* No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow *Fox*.

*Ol.* Prethee reade it thy right wits.

*Cl.* So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue care.

*Ol.* Read it you, sirrah.

*Fab. Reads.* By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me, yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladieship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of, and speake out of my injury. *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*

*Ol.* Did he write this?

*Cl.* I Madame.

*Du.* This sauiours not much of distraction.

*Ol.* See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither: My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on, To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife, One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you, Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Du.* Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer: Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him, So much against the mettle of your sex, So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding, And since you call'd me Master, for so long: Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee your Masters Mistresse.

*Ol.* A sister, you are she.

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Du.* Is this the Madman?

*Ol.* I my Lord, this same: How now *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* Madam, you haue done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

*Ol.* Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

*Mal.* Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter. You must not now denie it is your hand, Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or

Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention: You can say none of this. Well, grant it then, And tell me in the modestie of honor,

Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour, Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you, To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne Vpon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:

And acting this in an obedient hope,

Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,

And made the most notorious gecke and gull,

That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

*Ol.* Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,

Though I confesse much like the Character:

But out of question, tis *Marias* hand.

But out of question, tis *Marias* hand.

And now I do bethinke me, it was shee

First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,

And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd

Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,

This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:

But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,

Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge.

Of thine owne cause.

*Fab.* Good Madam heare me speake,

And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,

Taint the condition of this present houre,

Which I haue wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,

Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*

Set this deuce against *Maluolio* heere,

Vpon some stubborn and vncourteous parts

We had conceiu'd against him. *Maria* writ

The Letter, at sir *Tobys* great importance,

In recompence whereof, he hath married her:

How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,

May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,

If that the injuries be iustly weigh'd,

That haue on both sides past.

*Ol.* Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

*Cl.* Why some are borne great, some archieue great-

nesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I

was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's

all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal, and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his reuenges.

*Mal.* Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

*Ol.* He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

*Du.* Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:

He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,

When that is knowne, and golden time conuents

A solemne Combination shall be made

Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,

We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come

(For so you shall be while you are a man:)

But when in other habites you are scene,

*Orsino's* Mistresse, and his fancies Queene.

*Exeunt*

*Clowne sings.*

When that I was and a little tiner boy,

With hey, ho, the winde and the raine:

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the raine it raineth euery day.

But when I came to mans estate,

With hey, ho, &c.

Gainst Knanes and Theenes men sent their gate,

For the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wine,

With hey, ho, &c.

By swaggering could I neuer thrive,

For the raine, &c.

But when I came vnto my beds,

With hey, ho, &c.

With rattles still had drunken beads,

For the raine, &c.

A great while ago the world begon,

Hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our Play is done,

And wee'l strine to please you euery day.

FINIS.

